

Short Prose Dream 20201225061239512848

Texts Used: The Trial and The Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka

These texts were remixed using a "Dream Filter", or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

So he decided on the more certain solution, the way things would go in the natural course of events, and went back in his room without another word either from him or from the policemen. "Of course not," said the painter, "the second acquittal is followed by the third arrest, the third acquittal by the fourth arrest and so on. "Is that your real name?" asked K "Of course it is," was the man's reply, "why do you doubt it?" "I thought you might have some reason to keep your name secret," said K He felt himself as much at liberty as is normally only felt in foreign parts when speaking with people of lower standing, keeping everything about himself to himself, speaking only casually about the interests of the other, able to raise him to a level above one's own, but also able, at will, to let him drop again. And K had not been ungenerous, he really had wanted to get the policemen freed; if he really had now begun to do something against the degeneracy of the court then it was a matter of course that he would have to do something here as well. It was a matter of course that he would have to appear without fail, there was probably no need to point this out to him.

Instead of which there were just more hearings, and most of them went through the same things anyway; I had all the answers off pat like in a church service; there were messengers from the court coming to me at work several times a week, or they came to me at home or anywhere else they could find me; and that was very disturbing of course (but at least now things are better in that respect, it's much less disturbing when they contact you by telephone), and rumours about my trial even started to spread among some of the people I do business with, and especially my relations, so I was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon. "Your uncle is my friend and in the course of time I've become fond of you as well.

"Of course I do," he said, "you've been living here with Mrs. I was sorely tempted by your fine clothes, policemen aren't allowed to do that sort of thing, course they aren't, and it wasn't right of us, but it's tradition that the clothes go to the officers, that's how it's always been, believe me; and it's understandable too, isn't it, what can things like that mean for anyone unlucky enough to be arrested? K had taken it as a matter of course that the manufacturer had explained to the painter in his letter that K wanted nothing more with him than to find out more about his trial.

"But you are innocent, aren't you?" "Well of course I am," said K "That's the main thing," said the painter. They would be very important because the first impression made by the defence will often determine the whole course of the proceedings. There's no denying that some surprisingly favourable results have been attained for the accused in this way, for a limited time, and these petty advocates then strut to and fro on the basis of them and attract new clients, but for the further course of the proceedings it signifies either nothing or nothing good. "Your uncle is my

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No, if that's the case then of course you shouldn't go there under any circumstances! And just now, just when he would have to act with all the strength he could muster, now a number of doubts of a sort he had never before known had presented themselves and affected his own vigilance! And just now, just when he would have to act with all the strength he could muster,

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he lowered the candle, "that's what I've already been told." "Well of course you have," called out K, "I'd forgotten about it, of course you would already have been told." "But why, why?" asked the businessman as he moved forwards towards the door, propelled by the hands of K. Outside in the corridor K said, "You know where Leni's hidden, do you?" "Hidden?" said the businessman, "No, but she might be in the kitchen cooking soup for the lawyer." "Why didn't you say that immediately?" asked K. "I was going to take you there, but you called me back again," answered the businessman, as if confused by the contradictory commands. Instead of which there were just more hearings, and most of them went through the same things anyway; I had all the answers off pat like in a church service; there were messengers from the court coming to me at work several times a week, or they came to me at home or anywhere else they could find me; and that was very disturbing of course (but at least now things are better in that respect, it's much less disturbing when they contact you by telephone), and rumours about my trial even started to spread among some of the people I do business with, and especially my relations, so I was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon.

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"I didn't know," he said, "that you could take on a lawyer in matters like this." "Well of course you can," said his uncle, "that goes without saying. Once order had been restored, every trace of those events would have been erased and everything would take its previous course once more.

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It was of course nothing to worry about, he accepted the setback only because he was looking for a fight. It was a matter of course that he would have to appear without fail, there was probably no need to point this out to him. It would of course not be enough, if that was to be done, for K to sit in the corridor with his hat under the bench like the others. In the doorway, the manufacturer turned and said he wouldn't make his farewell with K just yet, he would of course let the chief clerk know about the success of his discussions but he also had a little something to tell him about. He watched them to see if they might remember after all, but of course it never occurred to them, although Willem did not forget to send Franz up to the supervisor with the message saying that K was getting dressed. Once order had been restored, every trace of those events would have been erased and everything would take its previous course once more. Instead of which there were just more hearings, and most of them went through the same things anyway; I had all the answers off pat like in a church service; there were messengers from the court coming to me at work several times a week, or they came to me at home or anywhere else they could find me; and that was very disturbing of course (but at least now things are better in that respect, it's much less disturbing when they contact you by telephone), and rumours about my trial even started to spread among some of the people I do business with, and especially my relations, so I was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon. "Your uncle is my friend and in the course of time I've become fond of you as well. No, that just doesn't happen, but what does sometimes happen is that the trial takes on a course where the lawyer

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They would be very important because the first impression made by the defence will often determine the whole course of the proceedings. There's no denying that some surprisingly favourable results have been attained for the accused in this way, for a limited time, and these petty advocates then strut to and fro on the basis of them and attract new clients, but for the further course of the proceedings it signifies either nothing or nothing good. "He's an important judge." "You don't have much insight," said K "He is the lowest of the lowest examining judges." "I remember now," said the businessman as he lowered the candle, "that's what I've already been told." "Well of course you have," called out K, "I'd forgotten about it, of course you would already have been told." "But why, why?" asked the businessman as he moved forwards towards the door, propelled by the hands of K Outside in the corridor K said, "You know where Leni's hidden, do you?" "Hidden?" said the businessman, "No, but she might be in the kitchen cooking soup for the lawyer." "Why didn't you say that immediately?" asked K "I was going to take you there, but you called me back again," answered the businessman, as if confused by the contradictory commands. Instead of which there were just more hearings, and most of them went through the same things anyway; I had all the answers off pat like in a church service; there were messengers from the court coming to me at work several times a week, or they came to me at home or anywhere else they could find me; and that was very disturbing of course (but at least now things are better in that respect, it's much less disturbing when they contact you by telephone), and rumours about my trial even started to spread among some of the people I do business with, and especially my relations, so I was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon.

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You say that the family will also be affected by this trial; I really can't see how, but that's beside the point and I'm quite willing to follow your instructions in all of this. I'll still help you, of course I will, only now, now that the trial is already underway, it makes it very difficult. I was sorely tempted by your fine clothes, policemen aren't allowed to do that sort of thing, course they aren't, and it wasn't right of us, but it's tradition that the clothes go to the officers, that's how it's always been, believe me; and it's understandable too, isn't it, what can things like that mean for anyone unlucky enough to be arrested? "Of course you can't!" "In that case I can't show you," said K, quite upset, as if Miss BA 1/4 rstner had committed some incomprehensible offence against him. It was a matter of course that he would have to appear without fail, there was probably no need to point this out to him. "I didn't know," he said, "that you could take on a lawyer in matters like this." "Well of course you can," said his uncle, "that goes without saying. "But you are innocent, aren't you?" "Well of course I am," said K "That's the main thing," said the painter. "Of course you can't!" "In that case I can't show you," said K, quite upset, as if Miss BA 1/4 rstner had committed some incomprehensible offence against him. It was a matter of course that he would have to appear without fail, there was probably no need to point this out to him. In the doorway, the manufacturer turned and said he wouldn't make his farewell with K just yet, he would of course let the chief clerk know about the success of his discussions but he also had a little something to tell him about. No, if that's the case then of course you shouldn't go there under any circumstances! "But you are innocent, aren't you?" "Well of course I am," said K "That's the main thing," said the painter. It would of course not be enough, if that was to be done, for K to sit in the corridor with his hat under the bench like the others. In the doorway, the manufacturer turned and said he wouldn't make his farewell with K just yet, he would of course let the chief clerk know about the success of his discussions but he also had a little something to tell him about. So he decided on the more certain solution, the way things would go in the natural course of events, and went back in his room without another word either from him or from the policemen.

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There's no denying that some surprisingly favourable results have been attained for the accused in this way, for a limited time, and these petty advocates then strut to and fro on the basis of them and attract new clients, but for the further course of the proceedings it signifies either nothing or nothing good. Lawyers are especially vulnerable to fits of depression of that sort - and they are no more than fits of depression of course - when a case is suddenly taken out of their hands after they've been conducting it satisfactorily for some time. Lawyers are especially vulnerable to fits of depression of that sort - and they are no more than fits of depression of course - when a case is suddenly taken out of their hands after they've been conducting it satisfactorily for some time. "Is that your real name?" asked K "Of course it is," was the man's reply, "why do you doubt it?" "I thought you might have some reason to keep your name secret," said K He felt himself as much at liberty as is normally only felt in foreign parts when speaking with people of lower standing, keeping everything about himself to himself, speaking only casually about the interests of the other, able to raise him to a level above one's own, but also able, at will, to let him drop again. I was sorely tempted by your fine clothes, policemen aren't allowed to do that sort of thing, course they aren't, and it wasn't right of us, but it's tradition that the clothes go to the officers, that's how it's always been, believe me; and it's understandable too, isn't it, what can things like that mean for anyone unlucky enough to be arrested? And K had not been ungenerous, he really had wanted to get the policemen freed; if he really had now begun to do something against the degeneracy of the court then it was a matter of course that he would have to do something here as well. It was of course nothing to worry about, he accepted the setback only because he was looking for a fight.

In the doorway, the manufacturer turned and said he wouldn't make his farewell with K just yet, he would of course let the chief clerk know about the success of his discussions but he also had a little something to tell him about. No, if that's the case then of course you shouldn't go there under any circumstances! No, that just doesn't happen, but what does sometimes happen is that the trial takes on a course where the lawyer may not go along with it. It would of course not be enough, if that was to be done, for K to sit in the corridor with his hat under the bench like the others. So he decided on the more certain solution, the way things would go in the natural course of events, and went back in his room without another word either from him or from the policemen. He watched them to see if they might remember after all, but of course it never occurred to them, although Willem did not forget to send Franz up to the supervisor with the message saying that K was getting dressed.

On the other hand, it's also true that the gentlemen don't become involved with the defence - which will of course be done with great expertise - just for philanthropic reasons or in order to be friendly, in some respects it would be truer to say that they, too, have it allocated to them. No, that just doesn't happen, but what does sometimes happen is that the trial takes on a course where the lawyer may not go along with it. It would of course not be enough, if that was to be done, for K to sit in the corridor with his hat under the bench like the others. They would be very important because the first impression made by the defence will often determine the whole course of the proceedings. There's no denying that some surprisingly favourable results have been attained for the accused in this way, for a limited time, and these petty advocates then strut to and fro on the basis of them and attract new clients, but for the further course of the

proceedings it signifies either nothing or nothing good. It was a matter of course that he would have to appear without fail, there was probably no need to point this out to him. He watched them to see if they might remember after all, but of course it never occurred to them, although Willem did not forget to send Franz up to the supervisor with the message saying that K was getting dressed. He watched them to see if they might remember after all, but of course it never occurred to them, although Willem did not forget to send Franz up to the supervisor with the message saying that K was getting dressed. Once order had been restored, every trace of those events would have been erased and everything would take its previous course once more. I thought it was to do with your trial." "Of course it is," said K's uncle, who then asked K, "So what is it you want?" "Yes, but how is it that you know anything about me and my case?" asked K "Oh, I see," said the lawyer with a smile. They would be very important because the first impression made by the defence will often determine the whole course of the proceedings. On the other hand, it's also true that the gentlemen don't become involved with the defence - which will of course be done with great expertise - just for philanthropic reasons or in order to be friendly, in some respects it would be truer to say that they, too, have it allocated to them. "I didn't know," he said, "that you could take on a lawyer in matters like this." "Well of course you can," said his uncle, "that goes without saying. I thought it was to do with your trial." "Of course it is," said K's uncle, who then asked K, "So what is it you want?" "Yes, but how is it that you know anything about me and my case?" asked K "Oh, I see," said the lawyer with a smile. Instead of which there were just more hearings, and most of them went through the same things anyway; I had all the answers off pat like in a church service; there were messengers from the court coming to me at work several times a week, or they came to me at home or anywhere else they could find me; and that was very disturbing of course (but at least now things are better in that respect, it's much less disturbing when they contact you by telephone), and rumours about my trial even started to spread among some of the people I do business with, and especially my relations, so I was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon. I thought it was to do with your trial." "Of course it is," said K's uncle, who then asked K, "So what is it you want?" "Yes, but how is it that you know anything about me and my case?" asked K "Oh, I see," said the lawyer with a smile. They would be very important because the first impression made by the defence will often determine the whole course of the proceedings. There's no denying that some surprisingly favourable results have been attained for the accused in this way, for a limited time, and these petty advocates then strut to and fro on the basis of them and attract new clients, but for the further course of the proceedings it signifies either nothing or nothing good. It would of course not be enough, if that was to be done, for K to sit in the corridor with his hat under the bench like the others. In the doorway, the manufacturer turned and said he wouldn't make his farewell with K just yet, he would of course let the chief clerk know about the success of his discussions but he also had a little something to tell him about. You say that the family will also be affected by this trial; I really can't see how, but that's beside the point and I'm quite willing to follow your instructions in all of this. "I didn't know," he said, "that you could take on a lawyer in matters like this." "Well of course you can," said his uncle, "that goes without saying. K had taken it as a matter of course that the manufacturer had explained to the painter in his letter that K wanted nothing more with him than to find out more about his trial. "But you are innocent, aren't you?"

"Well of course I am," said K "That's the main thing," said the painter. I'll still help you, of course I will, only now, now that the trial is already underway, it makes it very difficult. No, if that's the case then of course you shouldn't go there under any circumstances! "Is that your real name?" asked K "Of course it is," was the man's reply, "why do you doubt it?" "I thought you might have some reason to keep your name secret," said K He felt himself as much at liberty as is normally only felt in foreign parts when speaking with people of lower standing, keeping everything about himself to himself, speaking only casually about the interests of the other, able to raise him to a level above one's own, but also able, at will, to let him drop again. "He's an important judge." "You don't have much insight," said K "He is the lowest of the lowest examining judges." "I remember now," said the businessman as he lowered the candle, "that's what I've already been told." "Well of course you have," called out K, "I'd forgotten about it, of course you would already have been told." "But why, why?" asked the businessman as he moved forwards towards the door, propelled by the hands of K Outside in the corridor K said, "You know where Leni's hidden, do you?" "Hidden?" said the businessman, "No, but she might be in the kitchen cooking soup for the lawyer." "Why didn't you say that immediately?" asked K "I was going to take you there, but you called me back again," answered the businessman, as if confused by the contradictory commands. "Of course you can't!" "In that case I can't show you," said K, quite upset, as if Miss BA 1/4 rstner had committed some incomprehensible offence against him. Lawyers are especially vulnerable to fits of depression of that sort - and they are no more than fits of depression of course - when a case is suddenly taken out of their hands after they've been conducting it satisfactorily for some time. No, that just doesn't happen, but what does sometimes happen is that the trial takes on a course where the lawyer may not go along with it. "Is that your real name?" asked K "Of course it is," was the man's reply, "why do you doubt it?" "I thought you might have some reason to keep your name secret," said K He felt himself as much at liberty as is normally only felt in foreign parts when speaking with people of lower standing, keeping everything about himself to himself, speaking only casually about the interests of the other, able to raise him to a level above one's own, but also able, at will, to let him drop again. "He's an important judge." "You don't have much insight," said K "He is the lowest of the lowest examining judges." "I remember now," said the businessman as he lowered the candle, "that's what I've already been told." "Well of course you have," called out K, "I'd forgotten about it, of course you would already have been told." "But why, why?" asked the businessman as he moved forwards towards the door, propelled by the hands of K Outside in the corridor K said, "You know where Leni's hidden, do you?" "Hidden?" said the businessman, "No, but she might be in the kitchen cooking soup for the lawyer." "Why didn't you say that immediately?" asked K "I was going to take you there, but you called me back again," answered the businessman, as if confused by the contradictory commands.